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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

OLD BACHELORS.

ABSTINENCE from marriage, where it is dictated by prudence, is not only commendable in itself as a safeguard against individual misery, but is entitled to the gratitude of the public, inasmuch as it is, when practised upon a large scale, at least in a country of the old world, the preservative of a nation from moral degradation and general distress.

This proposition, however, is of no weight against another which we have been in the habit of hearing from the lips of Miss E. P., an amiable young lady with whom we have had the honour of being acquainted for the last two and thirty years—namely, that "it is a great shame (such are her emphatic words) for gentlemen who have houses of their own, and every thing comfortable, that they should not take wives." Perhaps there is a little personal feeling in the remark of our respected friend, seeing that, in her own immediate neighbourhood, there are several middle-aged men, with capital domestic establishments—fit for the accommodation of a family every one of them—who yet, year after year, live dreamily on in single comfortlessness, apparently unobservant that there are ladies in the same predicament, almost next door, whom they might at once render happy, and themselves too, if they only would think of proposing a union of their respective places of residence.

Personal, or not personal, the remark is just: we do think it "a great shame" that some respectable persons of our acquaintance, between the ages of thirty and forty, not to speak of a few a little older, should confine to themselves the enjoyment, such as it is, of a house and fortune every way comfortable, when they at once might increase infinitely their own happiness, and also that of others, if they would only open their eyes to the situation of such young ladies as our friend Miss E. P., and obey the grand scripture injunction, which commands them to love their neighbours as themselves. It is truly provoking to see men of this kind pretending to think themselves happy with their starved beef-steak dinners, and their furniture unconscious of ever having been deranged or rumpled by children, all the time that their hearts secretly confess, and every other person knows, how deficient they are in all that gives a real charm to existence.

Like the most of wrong things, resolute celibacy of this kind arises from want of sense: the old bachelor is simply a man who does not see human life in a right point of view, and has no foresight of the future. He has perhaps had a hard struggle with fortune in his early years, and, never having been able to get over the fright which poverty gave him in his youth, thinks, even in the midst of plenty, and while life is advancing to its meridian, that, so far from having any thing to spare for wife or for child, he is hardly sure of his own wants being supplied for the remainder of his days. The hearts of some men become quite hardened by the prudential maxims upon which they have acted, and which, like the old fortresses of our native country, survive long after there is any occasion for them. Then there is another set—children of fortune—men who have been wandering about all their days, till, in the words of a quaint writer, "they almost forget what a home is." These, of course, let them settle when they like, or where they like, have an absolute difficulty in comprehending the idea of matrimony, and, even if they could understand it, would fear to tie themselves down, lest they should, some day hereafter, take it into their heads to go out a voyage to Vera Cruz, and be a

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little bothered with "the childer." Others are prevented from marrying by lending too serious attention to those silly bugbears about matrimony, which are occasionally the subject of sportive conversation—such, for instance, as the chance of a scolding wife, or of children who turn out ill, and so forth—as if any venture in this life were assured against a risk of some kind or other. There is still another and larger class, whom we shall first describe, and then show how plain a tale will put them down.

This class may be called the Jacobin Bachelors. They repudiate matrimony as a thing calculated to impair their personal liberty. Give us, they cry, the freedom, the independence, of a single life. None of your chains for us. We are the hearty boys, who despise all petticoat government. We must be sole monarchs of ourselves, and have nobody whatsoever to exert the least control over our actions. We'll remain

—free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
And wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Stop a little, gentlemen, and let us consider your case. Methinks your quotation is somewhat infelicitous. The noble savage who ran so wildly through these primitive forests long since degenerated into peat-moss, was a person, let it always be kept in mind, without breeches. Not a rag of toggery had he of any kind, nor a house to shelter him, and his freedom consisted in a permission to knock every other naked rascal like himself on the head if he could, always with the understanding that he was also to be knocked on the head, whenever any other body had the courage or strength to do so. These gentlemen have found a convenience in submitting to certain laws and rules, which, no doubt, trench dreadfully on freedom, but, at the same time, conduce much to comfort. In short, men have submitted to the bondage of society. Now, what is matrimony but one of those salutary restraints which sensible people in general have agreed to submit to, in order to increase their mutual happiness? There may be a wild momentary pleasure in an unlimited indulgence of the will; but if it be not reasonable and innocent, it is only momentary. The servitude is incurred, through an impulse of the reason, in order that our pleasure may be prolonged and protected. Thus matrimony becomes a "linked sweetness long drawn out," while there never can be any thing but an irrational and visionary happiness in the sense that we are free from it. Always remember that freedom is not in itself a good—it is only a means of good; and that, in cases where it produces a sensible benefit, it is to be appreciated, but in no other. If an exemption from matrimonial control produced either a general or an individual good, we would say, by all means give not thy soft heart to woman. But this is not the case. An universal exemption from matrimony would make the world a wilderness—a particular case of it makes a man a desert. It is an evil in every way it can be taken. What, then, is the use of the abstract freedom, if it be not attended with any of the benefits of freedom? The whole is obviously a mistake of the means for the end; and the Jacobin Bachelors, we suspect, only fear those unseen chains which love imposes, because they are themselves fond of rule.

Messieurs the Bachelors have several other fallacies, and as we are resolved to leave them not a leg to stand upon, we shall tumble the whole of these down one after the other. As part of the preceding fallacy about freedom, they conceive that there must be something irksome, if not almost impossible, in the constancy which matrimony requires as one of its car-

dinal rules. We know the slipperiness and vagrancy of our own minds, say they very cunningly, and we really cannot deliberately undertake a solemn obligation which we know we would soon break.

Now, this is a mere hypocritical shift, for, instead of there being any natural tendency to inconstancy in men, there is an almost insurmountable disposition to constancy; inasmuch that they are almost as certain to be constant to what is bad, as to what is good. Constancy forsooth!

Fallacy the second is an idea they have, or pretend to have (for many of their arguments are only assumed), that, by keeping clear of matrimony, they avoid all care, expense, and responsibility, respecting the next generation, and secure an equable and certain happiness in life, even to its close. Poor, unhappy men! it is little they know of the way in which affairs are really to run hereafter. In regard to the first expectation, we would just ask if any one ever knew an old bachelor who was not burdened some way or other with children? Are they not sure, just in proportion to their own childlessness, to have brothers and sisters who bring whole legions of children into the world—which children regularly are cantoned out in alternate lots upon their bachelor uncle, partly to relieve the press of matter at home, and partly from a benevolent desire to provide him with company, wherewithal to cheer his solitary parlour? Is not "our uncle" appealed to on every occasion of extraordinary expense, such as the fitting out of one of us for India, and the putting another of us to college to study medicine, and so forth? And does he not thus in the long-run dissipate as much of his hard-earned gains as if he had had children of his own—in which case, moreover, he would have had a little more of the honour to console him for the cost? No, no; tell us not of the saving of bachelorship. One way or another, the expense of rearing the next generation is pretty well allocated over society.

But old bachelors are not suffered to escape with simply providing for a troop of nephews and nieces; they very frequently become the prey of their servants, who consider their property as fairly liable to spoliation in every possible shape. Where is the old bachelor—the man who perhaps abstained from marriage to escape being ruled—who is not wholly ruled, three-quarters tormented, and at least half plundered by a Jenny, or a Betty, or a Mary—some old withered female domestic, who knows his cue, and manages him accordingly? No, no; it is all stuff to talk of there being any saving, or any defence against being ruled in old bachelorhood. If bachelors knew their own interests in time, they would in reality marry in self-defence.

Finally, as to their assurance of happiness to the very close of life, nothing could be more wilfully absurd. If happiness depended alone upon wealth—which it notoriously does not—then it might be secured. But happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social affections, so far as it depends on any thing earthly; and this is the very point which the bachelor has neglected. While more prudent men made provision in middle life for the necessities of age, by rearing an attached and honourable offspring, who at last become a hedge of shelter around him, the poor timid and unforseeing bachelor thought, that, because he now was contented to enjoy wealth, he would always be so; and, accordingly, he goes on in a state of declared rebellion against nature, till, at length, when it is too late, he finds himself exposed on the common of society, unable to comfort himself with his gold, and totally destitute of what alone could

comfort him—a possession which gold could once have cheaply bought, if he had only had the heart to disburse it. Such is the latter part of the pretended happiness of a single life—with wealth, courted by insincere friends, or at least friends in whose sincerity there can be no confidence—without it, only the more fully exposed to all the evils of poverty.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE. SLEET.

HAVING explained the origin, and phenomena which attend the fall, of snow, we shall now proceed to consider the nature of that peculiar modification of frozen vapour known under the name of sleet, with the appearance of which we doubt not that most of our readers are familiar. When aqueous globules freeze in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they aggregate together, and form flakes of snow; and when these have partly thawed, and have again become frozen, they constitute sleet, which is thus caused by the variable temperature of the atmosphere. Sleet falls at all seasons, and sometimes changes into rain, and sometimes into snow. It occasionally falls indeed very heavily, gathering and freezing additional moisture in its descent. Thus, in the Meteorological Observations appended to White's Natural History of Selborne, we read, that, on the 20th of January 1768, "in a lane near Hackwood Park, many rooks, attempting to fly, fell from the trees, with their wings frozen together by the sleet that froze as it fell." Numerous other examples of sleet-storms have been recorded, many of which will be found in Luke Howard's Climate of London, to which excellent meteorological work we beg especially to refer.

HAZE, MIST, FOG.

The atmosphere which surrounds this earth always contains a certain quantity of moisture, which, according to the diminution of temperature, becomes more or less condensed; so that, in this country, the air is seldom perfectly transparent. When the watery particles are only partially or imperfectly condensed, so as to produce an indefinite obscuration, they constitute a haze, which generally may be observed of an evening, when the temperature of the air becomes diminished by the decline of the sun towards the horizon. When viewed from a distance, the surface of the earth always appears enveloped in a haze of greater or lesser density; and although, when sailing, for example, on the Pacific Ocean, the atmosphere may appear very clear, yet, on being viewed from a high mountain, the water will appear obscured by a haze, which will be found to extend many feet above its surface. When the watery vapour in the surrounding air becomes more condensed, with a defined outline in the form of a cloud, either resting on the surface of the earth, or a few feet above it, then it is termed a mist; and when the whole atmosphere around appears equally obscured, then we give it the name of a fog, which, however, is not to be confounded with that moist and obscured state of the air, which often accompanies our easterly and westerly winds. Mists, as well as fogs, consist of thin vesicles of water containing air. When Saussure, in ascending a mountain, became enveloped in a mist, he observed that some of these vesicles were larger than peas, and they burst on catching them in his hand. How these vesicles become formed, is not well understood; but the general opinion is, that mists and fogs arise from air of unequal temperatures, holding moisture in solution, mingling with each other. Accordingly, the mixture of the evening sea breeze, with the air above the land, often produces dense mists, for the air above the sea is warmer than that above the land, because warm water is lighter than cold water, and, therefore, when water becomes cold at the surface, it sinks, and a warmer mass rises to supply its place; the temperature, however, of the land is limited to its surface, or penetrates only very slowly its upper soil; consequently, the air above it is cooler than that above water; and when they intermix, a condensation of aqueous vapour into mist or fog takes place.* Besides this, the contraction of the air from its becoming colder after sunset, often produces a condensation of the watery particles floating in it. In addition to which, there can be no doubt that a certain quantity of vapour rises up, or evaporates from the earth itself, which we may suppose to have been within a short period moistened by rain, and this, having become elevated to some distance above the ground, in like manner becomes condensed. During the night, therefore, the air above the surface of the earth is thus generally rendered hazy, and light mists are observed hanging in gauzy folds along the sides, and around

the summits of hills and mountains;—hence, Lord Byron, in noticing the approach of morning, gives us this beautiful passage—

"Night wanes; the vapours round the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

Fogs are often, especially in large towns, remarkably dense; indeed, so much so as to occasion serious accidents from their interference with distinct vision. This frequently happens in London, and in other large cities, and arises from smoke, vapours, dust, &c. being stagnated in the thick fog. On certain calm winter days it may be observed, that the smoke, on leaving the chimneys, descends towards the ground, and downward currents often set through flues at the bottom of which there is no fire. Fogs seldom rise high in the atmosphere;—hence, Dr Darwin, in giving an account of one which overspread a tract of ground through which he had occasion to ride, states, that on every rising of the ground he was quite above its level, though in descending again it was so thick that he could scarcely see a yard beyond his horse's head. In the northern regions, fogs are extremely dense, owing, doubtless, to the difference between the temperature of the air which sweeps over the immense tracts of ice extending through those desolate regions, and that of the air which passes over the warmer surface of the ocean. It is one of the greatest annoyances which the whalers and navigators in those dangerous seas have to encounter. "They seldom occur," says Captain Scoresby, "with high winds; yet, in one or two instances, I have observed them very thick, even in storms. Rain generally disperses them; but, after the rain ceases, when the air is warm and damp, the fog often returns with increased density, so that it passes the eyes like smoke, and contracts the circle of vision to a radius of fifty or sixty yards. When such fogs prevail, with a freezing temperature, they usually varnish the rigging, yards, masts, and other apparatus of ships, with transparent ice, which sometimes increases to the thickness of near an inch, and is apt, when dislodged by any motion of the rigging, to fall in showers, and cut the faces of those on deck."† In those high northern latitudes, fogs prevail during the greater part of the month of July, and sometimes for considerable intervals in June and August. They often produce remarkable ocular deceptions; thus, by increasing the apparent distance of objects, they sometimes magnify men into giants, hummocks of ice into mountains, and common pieces of drift ice into heavy floes or bergs. "When people walk," says Gilbert White, "in a deep white fog by night with a lantern, if they will turn their backs to the light, they will see their shades impressed on the fog in rude gigantic proportions. This phenomenon seems not to have been attended to, but implies the great density of the meteor at that juncture."

Fogs generally affect the hygrometer, or that instrument by which the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is indicated, but sometimes they have no effect upon it, and they are then termed "dry fogs." There was a remarkable fog of this description, which spread over the whole of Europe, and part of Asia and America, for some months, in the summer of 1783. During its continuance, there was much thunder and lightning, and the electricity of the air appeared to be much increased. At that time, Mount Heccla, in Iceland, was in a state of eruption; and it is imagined that it had its origin from that source. The air at such times has a disagreeable smell, and it is generally considered that such fogs appear when earthquakes are about to happen in volcanic regions.

THE INDIAN WIFE, A TALE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful chieftain of the Sioux American Indians, and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty, but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexible grace so appropriate to protected and dependent women in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the Young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppishness of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the

Indians never pay woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful acts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "there are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enemies and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage had seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked

† An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery, By W. Scoresby, Jun. Vol. I., p. 441.

* Sir Humphry Davy, Philosophical Transactions, 1812.

with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when returned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pled in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" she exclaimed, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if he heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance, and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he had stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Starbled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed; "he cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Starbled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi!

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MISS JANE PORTER.

FEMALE authorship is one of the most prominent and characteristic distinctions of the present age. It is only in comparatively very recent times that woman has come forward to vindicate her claims to mental eminence, and to show that she also is endowed with powers sufficient to run through all the notes of the literary gamut, from the philosophical erudition of a Dacier and a De Staël, to the scrutinizing discrimination of an Edgeworth, a Mitford, or a Ferrier; and the imaginative vigour of a Baillie, a Barbauld, and a Hemans.

Of those who have distinguished themselves in our own day by high talents and indefatigable perseverance in their exertions, we know of none more truly worthy of our notice than the two accomplished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and have much pleasure in dedicating a few columns to a biographical and literary sketch of the former. To the merits of the author of the "Hungarian Brothers" we intend also shortly to turn the attention of our readers.

The father of the family, of which Misses Jane, Anna Maria, and Sir Robert Ker Porter, are members, was an officer in the British army, who, dying prematurely, left his children to the care of his estimable consort, who yet survives at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Jane, the subject of the present cursory memoir, was born on the English border, and in childhood, along with her sister and brother, was carried over the Tweed to receive the rudiments of her education in Scotland, under the tuition of the well-known George Fulton, late of Hanover Street, Edinburgh, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and other excellent school books; a man who, in his retirement from public life, now enjoys the honour and respect to which his talents so justly entitle him. By none are these sentiments more warmly expressed than by his three distinguished pupils, in whom his animated lessons first kindled that love of distinction and thirst for fame which they have each so nobly achieved. Indeed, to the enthusiasm with which he used to expatiate on the glories of the historic heroes of Cambuskenneth and Bannockburn, the subject of this biographical sketch has been often heard to attribute the most vivid of those early impressions which subsequently led her to select the "Scottish Chiefs" as a theme worthy of embellishment.

Mrs Porter, from the slender means devolving to her as the widow of a younger brother, continued to live in quiet retirement, surrounded by children in whom she had every reason to delight, and finding in their society a more than equivalent for the privations to which fortune restricted her. The whole three were intense students, and gave themselves up to their love of reading, and of the fine arts. Books and the pencil constituted the ruling passion of the trio; and while the brother was sketching on his slabs Achilles or Æneas, the Red Cross Knight or the Holy Nun, the Wallace or the Bruce, the sisters alternately read aloud the historic page, which his genius loved to illustrate. Robert thus more effectually cultivated the talent, which, in after-times, produced the finely finished pictures of our country's victories; one of which, that illustrative of the battle of Agincourt, was presented to the city of London, and now decorates one of the great public buildings.

After this, the young painter of warlike scenes chose to try their realities in the field, and accompanied Sir John Moore throughout his disastrous campaign in the Peninsula. He was present at the glorious battle of Corunna, wherein the British, like a stag at bay, turned on their pursuers, and compelled them to retreat. He was present with his gallant commander at the moment of his death; and, on his return to England, Captain Porter published a little volume under the unassuming title of "Letters from Spain and Portugal, during the march under Sir John Moore, by an Officer." The simple truth of the statements contained in that work contributed at the time of its publication to stamp upon it a peculiar value; and a respected place in evidence as a contemporary document, has been awarded it alike by Southey and Napier, historians of somewhat conflicting political sentiments.

Having accidentally touched on the subject of this justly celebrated brother of our authoress, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to our readers to take a glimpse at his biography before resuming our subject.

From the Peninsula, Captain Porter travelled into Russia, where he married an illustrious lady, and settled. He thus became an eye-witness of the burning of Moscow, and the disastrous flight of the army of Napoleon from the ancient capital of the Czars. This enabled Sir Robert to collect materials—many of which, like that of his first volume, were derived from personal observation—for a second historical work, commemorative of the French Emperor's Invasion and Retreat, which he gave to the world with his name on its title-page.

At the termination of the war, he became an *attaché* to the British mission at St Petersburg, and shortly thereafter commenced his travels into Persia, Kur-

• From the *Western Courier*, by Mrs Child.

distasteful, and Babylonia, which occupied him for a space of three years.

Sir Robert and the late Mr Claudius Rich, the British resident at Bagdat, were the two first English travellers that sent home for publication detailed descriptions of the long sought for and so often disputed ruins of Babylon; and to Sir Robert we are indebted as the first who has given correct views of those stupendous remains of antiquity. Besides the general map which he has affixed to his book of travels, he has executed a series of drawings, forming an accurate survey of the entire line of roads from Vladj Caucasus to Shiraz, and thence to Bagdat. These he has hitherto refrained from publishing; but they have been pronounced by persons of judgment and authority who have examined them, as of great importance and value in a military point of view.

Sir Robert does not derive his knighthood from the possession of a foreign order, as many suppose. That honour he received from his late Majesty George the Fourth when Prince Regent; and subsequently he has had the stars and crosses of several foreign orders added to that distinction. His last expedition into remote lands was in following the footsteps of his friend the distinguished Baron Humboldt to South America.

We now return to his interesting sisters, Jane and Anna Maria, both of whom, at the youthful years of sixteen and seventeen respectively, had appeared before the world as authors. The subject of our memoir, who was the elder of the two, made her literary debut by the publication of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," a novel, or more strictly speaking, a romance, in four volumes. Considering the time, and the age at which it was written, this cannot fail to be regarded as a very extraordinary work—a great proof of which may be found in its retaining to this day its popularity, after a probation of twenty-seven years. Indeed, our assertion can scarcely be disputed, that this work was probably the very first of the kind, which, blending history and fiction together, introduced them into the same story. This was done with such an air of simple reality and vraisemblance throughout, that by many it has been read as a narrative of actual facts. Indeed we defy scrutiny to point out to us in many parts where the former ends, or the latter begins.

General Gardiner, who was British minister at Warsaw during the calamitous period to Poland, to which the tale relates, has been heard to express his surprise how Miss Porter should have chanced to be at that time resident in that capital without his knowledge of such a fact—not believing that any save an eye-witness could have described what actually happened there, in the manner which characterizes that spirited work. She has received many compliments to the fidelity of her pen from poor dismembered Poland, and amongst the rest a curious gold ring, which was used as a rallying sign among the patriots during their awful struggle for independence. To enhance the value of the gift, it was sent her by a nephew of the celebrated General Kosciuszko.

The next essay of Miss Jane Porter as a writer, was our favourite romance, the "Scottish Chiefs"; and, in confirmation of our own sentiments in its praise, we have an ample support not only in its general popularity, but in the valuable testimony which that most competent judge, Miss Joanna Baillie, has borne to its merits in her volume of "Metrical Legends." On its first appearance, it made an almost electrical impression, especially throughout Scotland, and obtained for its gifted author many tributes of regard. Rings and crosses of the tree of Wallace were sent to her from the western counties—on the Continent, and in our colonies, her work obtained every mark of approbation—and from one of the German courts she received an honorary title, as a lady of the chapter of one of its chivalric orders. Both *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and the *Scottish Chiefs* have been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages.

Since the appearance of Wallace, Miss Porter has published two small volumes, under the title of "Sir Philip Sydney's Aphorisms," consisting of opinions and sentiments on moral, religious, and political subjects, selected from the various writings of that flower of chivalry, and a work to be considered as a valuable pocket companion to the young and enterprising, as it inculcates a line of conduct which it would be well for them to pursue, nerving them against all the freaks and frowns of fortune, by showing them that vice only is to be feared, and virtue to be sought after.

Our author's next appearance before the tribunal of fame was in the publication of the "Pastor's Fireside," in which, during the Stuart struggle, Duke Wharton and the famous Rippards of Spain are the principal actors. Although this work lacks the youthful buoyancy and vigour of talent which distinguished its two precursors in the walks of imagination, it contains many striking passages, and some of the characters are well brought out. It obtained for its author the friendship of many high diplomatic characters, both in our own country and abroad, and, like *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and Wallace, has gone through several editions; all three being still regarded as stock books by the trade.

In the year 1823, she published "Duke Christian of Brunswick." The hero is of that branch of the family of Brunswick now in possession of the British throne. It is written in the same free and generous spirit of independence, tempered by genuine loyalty, which distinguishes her former productions, more especially her *Scottish Chiefs*, and which procured

for that work the glory of being denounced to the flames by the Emperor Napoleon, then ruling over France with the tyranny of despotism.

"Duke Christian," however, though thus penned in the true British vein, experienced a widely different treatment from another absolute monarch, the late Emperor of Russia, who, on perusing it, wrote with his own hand a most gratifying letter to its author, and bore his testimony of commendation to her talents, and their application.

Her next publication was a joint production between her sister and herself, in two volumes, entitled "Tales round a Winter Hearth." It is an agreeable collection of stories, to which Miss Jane contributed the one named "Berenice's Pilgrimage," wherein she had an opportunity of making use of some interesting details in her brother's travels in the East.

Her last work, which is in a similar form, came out in 1828, and is in three volumes, of which her portion comprises one.

The "Field of the Forty Footsteps" is founded on an extraordinary legend, relating to a field in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, which has since been made the site of the New London University. It has been said that an observation in that story had so powerful an effect on the mind of a person of high talent and influence, as to have been the cause of his first suggesting the establishment of the King's College in London.

Of the portions which Miss Anna Maria Porter contributed to these two works, we need not at present take any particular notice. Meanwhile, we conclude this little memoir of our favourite Miss Jane, by adding that they both reside under the roof of their venerable and excellent mother, who, as we before mentioned, is at the "green old age" of eighty-four, having been born in the memorable year of the Chevalier's rebellion. Their abode is situated in the pleasant village of Exeter, in Surrey, a place celebrated of old by Shakespeare as the favourite country residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and in more recent times by our own poet of nature, Thomson, as one of the loveliest spots in England.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ROXBURGHIE.

THIS family, like that of Buccleuch, presents the phenomenon of a predatory knight emerging from the times of turmoil into those of civilization, with large border estates, which, acquiring a sudden value from the changed circumstances of the time, conferred importance and obtained title. The ancestor of the Roxburghie family, little more than two centuries ago, was only Laird of Cessford, or more commonly called *Gudeman o' Halyden*. As a border proprietor, however, he was little inferior to Buccleuch, and he has the superior dignity of a descent from Anglo-Norman lineage. Cessford, the first seat of the family, is a tower within the frontier range of the Cheviots: Halyden is now a lonely unmarked spot near Melrose. The first man of great public eminence was Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, who was born in 1570, and is described in Sir Robert Cary's *Memoirs* as a brave and active young man. He was a warden of the marches, and distinguished himself so highly in that capacity as to be ennobled, before the year 1600, under the title of Lord Roxburghie. In 1603, he was one of the few Scotch noblemen whom James the Sixth took along with him to England—a circumstance which marks his great personal importance as one of the royal counsellors. In 1616, he was created Earl of Roxburghie, and, in 1637, was made Lord Privy Seal. In the riot which took place, July 23, that year, on occasion of the new liturgy being introduced at St Giles's Church, Edinburgh, his lordship was the means of saving the bishop, by taking him into his coach, and driving him off to Holyrood-house; on which occasion, however, he was only protected by his servants drawing their swords against the populace. The earl acted throughout the civil wars as a royalist, but in a very prudent way, and died peaceably in 1650, in the 80th year of his age. His male issue having died before him, his titles and estates were inherited by his daughter's son, Sir William Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, who, as required by the entail, married his cousin, Lady Jean Ker, a granddaughter of the earl by one of his sons. The son of this pair, Robert third Earl of Roxburghie, was drowned in 1692, in coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York. What is certainly very remarkable, his countess, who was the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Tweeddale, survived him in constant widowhood for the long period of seventy-one years, only dying at Broomlands, near Kelso, in 1763. This ancient heiress is said to have been the heroine of the Scottish song called "John Hay's Bonnie Lassie." Her walking-stick is still preserved at

Fleura. Her two sons, Robert and John, enjoyed the title in succession. The latter, in 1707, was created duke, in consideration of his zeal for the Union. He was afterwards secretary of state for Scotland, and made a distinguished figure under the administration of Walpole. The third duke, grandson to this nobleman, was the celebrated bibliomaniac, whose library, on being sold after his death in 1804, realised a prodigious sum. That nobleman never married, having been disappointed in an attachment to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whom he had seen on his travels, and who was only prevented from marrying him in consequence of the brilliant destiny of her younger sister, the queen of George the Third. German etiquette forbade this match, it being thought improper that the elder should be a subject of the younger sister. The duke was succeeded by his cousin, Lord Bellenden, who died next year. The title and estates then devolved, after a tedious law-plea, upon Sir James Innes Ker, descended from a daughter of Lord Hary, the son of the first earl.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

My great-grandmother was not of a cynical or austere disposition, but rather cheerful, talkative, and benevolent. In this, I must confess, she differed from many other old Scottish ladies of her time, whose character, in general, displayed a very bitter rind. But it could be accounted for, on the supposition that all the natural affections of her heart had been developed and brought into action by her numerous domestic relations, and had not again been chilled or soured by accidental circumstances. Fortunately for me, in all our intercourse she was uniformly kind and communicative.

The three months which I spent with her ladyship, previous to engaging in the unsentimental horrors of the High School, were assuredly the most pleasant of my life. They were almost altogether devoted by us both to my initiation in all the mysterious family secrets of my ancestry, to her relations of which my juvenile curiosity ever inclined a willing and ready ear. My great-grandmother's memory reached back quite distinctly to the era of the Union, when she was a girl of eight years of age, and she preserved all the more remote reminiscences of her father, who had been in public life a short while after the Restoration. She had anecdotes at third hand of the Civil Wars, and even a few shadowy outlines of the time of James the Sixth. From her husband, who held a high judicial office in the reign of George the First, she had derived many interesting anecdotes of the government of Scotland, from the Union downwards; and from her early female acquaintance, she had picked up as much legendary scandal of the latter end of the seventeenth century, as is perhaps at this moment adrift respecting the whole world of our own day. All these traditionary stores were faithfully committed to my memory, which thus became encumbered with many unintelligible, but yet distinctly impressed pictures, of which the real meaning has only since dawned upon me gradually, as I grew up, and as I happened to find them illustrated in the course of historical researches.

Imagine the delicious dreams of romance in which I thus indulged. I was raw from my country castle, where a venerable copy of Buchanan's Scotland, with portraits of the Roberts and the Jameses (almost my only reading), had given my mind a decided turn for retrospective contemplation, and where my other great-grandmother's ballads had tinged my whole soul with the brilliant hues of romance. My temperament was naturally lively and fanciful, and here, placed in very contact with one who had herself seen an age of something like chivalry, and been in the presence of others who had almost seen it in its vigour, I felt as if I lived a century before my time, and moved amidst the awful ghosts of those whom I had ever been accustomed to think of as the heroes of an inconceivably glorious age, long passed from mortal ken.

This passion—for in me it amounted to such—was fed in no small degree by my great-grandmother taking me to visit many of the real scenes of her stories, which were neither more nor less than the streets, closes, and houses of the Old Town of Edinburgh. This very curious and wonderful place, of which she preserved innumerable local anecdotes, always filled me with a sort of awe. The first close I ever entered was that memorable one in which the old Episcopal chapel was situated, where the narrowness of the passage, its tortuosity, the stupendous height of the buildings on both sides, their black and antique appearance, the religious rubrics here and there interspersed, and the projections above, which scarcely left an inch of sky in view of a spectator from the bottom, overwhelmed me with an indefinite feeling of more than admiration. My great-grandmother, in time, and as her increasing infirmities would permit, walked with me through many such, and pointed out what had in her early days been the residences of the noble and the wealthy, and were now reduced, by the change of manners and fashions, to accommodate only the mechanic and the poor. There was scarcely a close of which she could not tell some strange traditionary anecdote. She once pointed out a recess in a court somewhere behind the Lawnmarket, where, when a

* Abridged from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, 1829.

girl, she had one night seen two gentlemen fight each other with swords, for a good while, till one of them fell, and the other fled. "We were all horror-struck," she said; "for there happened to be no man person in the house to go out and part them, except the lively laddie, that wadna steer frae the kitchen-neuk; but, hearing the groans of the wounded gentleman, we ladies went down stairs in a body, with candles, and found him dead, for the sword had gone quite through his back, and the gutter ran with blood down (as we afterwards heard) to the very North Loch. He was a lord's son, and there was a feud about him between his family and somebody that was blamed for his death, many a long day after. Never shall I forget that night—there's the very step, outside of that stair-fit, that his head was lying on, wi' its lang curled hair and thrown white face, when we came down and saw him!" As I shuddered at this fearful sketch of past times, and gazed on the localities with a strange and thrilling interest, she pulled me away with her stout bony arm, calling me, in her old homely phrase, a "daft callant," though I know she was in secret immensely pleased at the attention which I paid to her stories.

I was greatly struck one day, in the course of a tour through some very antique and ruinous places, when her ladyship happened to stumble upon the house in which, at a ball, she had fallen in love with her husband. It was a good way up stairs, and so mean-looking an abode, that I could not imagine the possibility of its ever having been the scene of fashionable revels. On ascending to the proper height, we entered a lobby, of which the walls were coloured with a blotched and dirty white, and begrimed all around. From this several doors and passages branched off; and it was evident that each of these doors gave entrance to the habitation of a separate family. Her ladyship was at first puzzled how to proceed, for, though in her youth she had been quite familiar with the house, it now appeared that the internal arrangements had been altered, and many subdivisions had taken place, so that the original apartments could scarcely be recognised. One thing she was quite clear upon, and that was, that the dancing-room had windows which overlooked the North Loch, "for I mind," said she, "after I had danced the first dance with my dear lord, he handed me to a seat in the neuk o' the window, and there sat gently down beside me. I looked ower to Bareford's Parks (for it was a summer evening, and not dark), pretendin', wi' my tale, no to heed him, but to be quite ta'en up wi' the bits o' innocent lambs that were a' daunderin' about the place, where there's naething noo but a big sturin' New Toon, as they ca't, fu' o' wylie-toe writers. And my lord observed me looking at the lambs—oh, he was a pleasant man, and then very young, and new put on the bench; yet he was grave and learned beyond his years; and it ill set a man o' his character and profession to speak silly things to a silly lassie, that had naething but vanity and nonsense in her head. However, he was sae anxious to please me, that he began and spak some havers about innocence, and pastoral life, and the sweetness o' these bonny creatures that I saw ower the Loch. Now, I wasna thinkin' at a' about either ae thing or another a' the time but himself, and was just in a kind o' reverie about him indeed; but at last, hearin' him speak about the sweetness o' the lambs, and seein' him point out a particular one, that looked very plump and happy, I was obliged to muster up some answer to his lordship, and, in my confusion, what d'ye think I said, Sandy? Man, I drew a lang breath, and said, 'Yes, my lord, I daresay that aye wad mak' a very sweet lamb pie!' My Arcadian swain was quite dumfounded, and I heard him ejaculate, 'Oh, Lord!' in a kind o' horror. But I soon brought him about again, and matters a' proceeded gaily enough for a few months, when we were happily married."

We proceeded to explore one of the dark passages before us, and knocking at a door, which was opened by a little girl, entered a small apartment with one window, which in reality did command a view of the New Town. Upon our entrance, an aged spectacled dame, in coarse but clean clothes, rose from a table at which she appeared to be reading a large Family Bible, and coming forward, respectfully inquired our business. My great-grandmother, apologizing for our intrusion, briefly stated that curiosity respecting this very remarkable old house, which had been the habitation of some of her best and earliest friends, was the sole occasion of our visit, and expressed a hope that the few moments of our stay would not put her to much inconvenience. The woman, who seemed to be the retired servant of some person of rank, replied, in very polite terms, that we were exceedingly welcome to gratify our curiosity, and even proceeded to *chaperone* us round the apartment, of which the roof and cornices, as she showed us, were ornamented with curious stucco-work. But my great-grandmother expressed little curiosity respecting these, which she declared to be modern-antiques, and begged to be allowed to sit a few moments in the recess of the window, which she recognised to be that through which she had seen the lambs of Bareford's Parks. A chair being placed, her ladyship sat down with feelings evidently not a little excited, while the old woman retired to the other end of the room, and I stood silent at a little distance, in expectation of her remarks upon the scene.

"Yes, yes, Alexander," said she, "this is the very

window I spoke of; for, in this thick old pane, I see—that I remember having then seen—the name of my school-acquaintance, the Hon. George —, who was the second son of the noble proprietor of this house. A gallant young man he was, and was killed in a duel at Leyden, when studying there for the Scots bar. Here sat I, seventy-four years ago, a light lassie o' sixteen, wi' the bloom on my cheek and pride in my heart; and there sat my future husband, your great-grandfather, Lord Kittleghame, that has been in his grave sin' the year twenty-nine. Little did I then think of sitting here again at this time of day, an auld wife, with a great-grandchild by my side, and sic a changed world a' round me. Gin Thomas the Rhymer himself had told me what was to come to pass, I wad have ca'd him a haverin' fool. But naebody can imagine strange enough things for futurity no to bring about. There's that New Town, that naebody thought would ever be a town at all—ye see, it's half a mile lang already, and may be a hale ane or they be done wi'. Nay, they're maybe born that shall see it ta'en down to the sea, and even ower to Fife, nae sayin'; and then the Frith of Forth will be a kind o' new North Loch for them to mak' brigs ower. Speakin' o' the Nor' Loch, there was a story told i' my day, that a poor old woman once attempted to drown herself in it, but was prevented in a very singular way. She waded in a gay bit, till her large wide stiff hoop, being buoyed up by the water, carried her off her feet, and then the wind blew her away across the Loch, quite safe and erect, but cryin' a' the time for help; and when she landed on the other side, she was completely reconcealed to life, and it is said she lived with her family for many years after, though she never got another name till her deen' day, but *Nor' Loch Tibbie*.

"But that's no to the point," continued my great-grandmother, looking round the room, and surveying its humble furniture. "To think o' this house, that was once the entailed property and residence of Lord —, and was said to have been built for a town-house to his ancestor the Regent —, being now such a wretched abode! It is dreadful. Ah, the many gay and grand sights that I have seen here! This was a large room then, and the panels were a' covered with beautiful paintings and mirrors. I have seen country dances here, with six-and-thirty couples in them. A' the nobility o' the town used to come, and ladies with such hoops, that they could not stand closer to each other than at arm's length, while their heads were dressed up like the very Tower o' Babel itself. My troth, dress was dress in thae days! There was a band o' musicians at that end—violin players, amateur and professional, without number, with the ingenious MacGibbon on the hautboy, and the lively-fingered Crumden on the harpsichord. Some gentlemen of birth and fortune, between the dances, entertained the company with gratuitous performances on their own favourite instruments, accompanied by ladies who could sing. There was Mr Falconer of Phesdo on the flute, Mr Seton of Pitmeddin on the violin, and Mr Chrystie of Newhall on the viol de gambo; and as for ladies, there were some of Crumden's pupils, whose very granddaughters have, to this day, a finer hand upon the harpsichord than others. No such agreeable gentlemen or ladies now-a-days, nor such music neither! There were naething then in vogue but gude auld Scots airs, such as *Gilderoy*, *I'll never leave thee*—*She rose and let me in*, and *The bridegroom gat*, which were a' played in as simple a style as when they were first uttered by their shepherd-authors on the mountain side. Miss Baillie of Jarviswood, afterwards Lady Murray of Stanhope—though her father was a Whig, I maun do her justice in this—she sung the plaintive sang o' *Tweedside*—not the new-fangled lad Crawford's version, but my Lord Yester's—in so sweet and touching a manner, that aye when she came to the last line o' the verse, 'I'll lay my banes far frae the Tweed,' the hale company shed tears; and indeed naebody could bear to hear her sing it, for they were sae sure of making fools of themselves before it was done. She was certainly a sweet creature, Lady Murray, and could write fine sangs herself; we were always on good terms, and used to criticise each other's verses with great good humour. She was ill-set wi' Sir Alexander, who was quite mad. She once told me, that the first of their unhappy quarrels took place three or four days after they were married—it was i' the year ten, and that makes me an auld woman. They came to live in the Parliament Square, which was not then altogether rebuilt after the great fire o' the year naething; and upon Lady Murray expressing some uneasiness at the disturbance occasioned by the sound o' the masons' hammers i' the morning before rising, Sir Alexander told her that it was a very pleasant sound, and that she must just endeavour to think it so, else there would be nae peace between them. Was na that fine treatment for a young wife i' the hinneymoon? But I'm wanderin', as usual, frae the point. Ay, ay, I was describing the entertainments gien at balls in thae days. However, I see we're just disturbing this good woman, and it is time we were hame at Tevot Row, to prepare for the ladies I expect to-night to tea and cards."

She rose, and moved into the centre of the apartment, when, as she stood a few moments in conversation with the old woman of the house, I could not help contrasting in idea her tall, antique, faded figure,

half stooping over her black square-headed cane, and surrounded by the humble furniture of a poor dwelling, with the bewitching loveliness and stately graces which were ascribed to her person in youth, when she moved here, the centre of a whole system of animated beauties, now long forgotten in the dust, and giving additional charms to a scene of magnificent festivity.

She seem'd like one who trades alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but she departed.

The old woman soon getting into the full tide of gossip with my venerable relation, we were detained a few minutes, during which it turned out, that this aged person had been head-servant to the noble family who formerly possessed this mansion, and now lived retired in one of its garrets, upon a small pension allowed to her by one of its members, who had survived with life and fortune the wrecking period of the *Forty-five*. She seemed a complete specimen of the old Scottish domestic—attached, garrulous, and polite. She had a formality in her manner, which went far beyond the utmost limits of modern good breeding, and, though miserably infirm, was not without a certain degree of staidness in her personal appearance. She was dressed with remarkable neatness, and wore a necklace of *lammer beads*, to which a small crucifix of gold was attached. What rendered her at once interesting in her romantic eyes, she had been wounded, in the year 1746, by a shot from the castle, directed at the coach of her rebellious master, in which she was, when it entered the city, in broad day, by the West Port, then in possession of a Highland guard; and she could tell many anecdotes of that year, so remarkable for having heard the last faint trumpet-note of aspiring chivalry. She had entered the service of the — family when she was a girl; had lived many happy years with them in this then splendid house, previous to that unhappy occasion: after which, she accompanied them abroad, saw them all die out, one by one, with broken hearts and ruined fortunes, and then returned to end her own days amidst the ruins of their former abode. My great-grandmother asked many questions respecting the family, which the old woman could not answer, except at great length and with tears. There was only one anecdote of a ludicrous nature, and that respected the preservation of her present supporter, who was a nephew of the last lord, and now enjoyed part of his estates. Lady — was very averse to her husband's design of joining the rebels, and when his nephew came to Edinburgh to accompany him away, ordered her maid to put boiling water into his lordship's boots, so that, when he came to draw them on, he might incapacitate at least one foot for the expedition. By mistake, the maid bestowed the boiling water upon the nephew's boots, which stood in the kitchen beside her master's; and the consequence was, that, while his lordship went away laughing at his nephew's misfortune, the young gentleman remained at home, escaped the perils of the rebellion, and afterwards inherited some of the possessions which his brave uncle forfeited. Many other anecdotes we heard; but my great-grandmother at last took her leave, promising that I should call some future day, with a token of her regard, and in order that I might hear out the rest of her interesting stories.

SPENDING MONEY.

It is inconceivable what a deal of money is thrown away by young people in what are called "trifling sums"—in shillings, sixpences, threepences, and even pennies. A great deal more, indeed, is expended by them in this small way, than in sums of a larger amount; mostly, too, in a way that tends to no real good, generally on mere superfluities, things which might, by the least possible exertion of self-denial, be dispensed with, and never missed. This remark applies more especially to that class of youths familiarly recognised as "young men about town," who, with two or three spare hours per day on their hands, and two or three spare shillings at all times in their pockets, are in a manner beguiled into the practice of spending money by way of pastime. We do not here allude to those who have been born to a competency, although even these will not, we think, be the worse of attending to us for a few minutes. Our remarks are meant for the other, and by far the larger portion of the rising generation, who, by inheritance or otherwise, have just sufficient to give them a good education, and put them in a "respectable way of doing."

Spending money uselessly, is, in some, merely a bad habit; in others, it is a matter of *vanity*. In all, however, it originally proceeds chiefly from thoughtlessness and want of calculation as to the amount of all the little items spent when added together, and how deeply, though almost imperceptibly, they eat into the amount of their annual receipts. The sums, viewed separately, appear so very insignificant! And as to looking at them in the aggregate, that is never attempted; for who could have patience to keep an account of all the odd pence, threepences, sixpences, and shillings, expended from day to day, in all varie-

ties of ways, for a whole twelvemonth? The time thus employed would be a greater waste than the money spent? It is thus, however, that many a young man, who is in the habit of receiving his earnings in that pernicious and deceitful way of "just as he might need them," finds himself perfectly confounded on discovering, at the twelvemonth's end, that he had not only overdrawn his due, but had not a penny laid by to answer the obligations which then came to be liquidated. After the first pause of surprise, he begins to comfort himself with the suspicion that there must be an error somewhere in the accounts either *pro* or *con*. He examines every item individually with a nervous and irritable impatience; adds them together, first upwards and then downwards; but, alas! his skill in the science of notation avails him nothing; the quotient still comes out the same, with most unsympathising accuracy. How could this possibly happen? And then he proceeds to review his mode of living—possibly with some degree of self-approbation. His fare has been uniformly frugal, his lodgings cheap, and he is addicted to no dissipated or expensive habits. He may perhaps recollect of treating himself to various luxuries; but still every thing added together does not come within L.10 or L.12 of the deficit; and these L.10 or L.12 would just clear off his tailor's and shoemaker's bills, and make him a free man. How so much money could have slipped through his fingers, he is utterly at a loss to conceive; he entirely forgets all the odd threepences, sixpences, and shillings, thrown away in the manner we have alluded to; or, if a vague recollection of a few such things does come athwart him, he rejects the idea of their having occasioned so large a deficit as an utter impossibility. There, however, it stares him in the face, and must be made up. His heart sinks within him, and he experiences that (when felt for the first time) perhaps most intolerable and oppressive of all human sensations—the consciousness of being in debt. This is a perilous moment in his career. There is nothing so apt to crush the buoyant spirit of a young man of sensitive feelings to the very earth, or drive him into excess, as this first torturing feeling of being at the mercy of another—a debtor. The parents, guardians, or other wellwishers of a young man, who has thus, through folly, thoughtlessness, or even a temporary lapse into dissipation, placed himself in such a predicament, would do well to get him extricated from it as speedily as possible. Lay what restrictions they will on him afterwards—although, even in them, regard must be paid to the temper and disposition to be operated on, and that they be laid on less as a punishment for the past, than a precaution against future errors; but, as they wish him well, let them draw him back from the edge of the abyss in the meantime. He is far more likely to set about a reformation of any evil habit with resolution and effect, when unoppressed with the harassing consequences of his former indiscretion. Besides, his good resolves are quickened and kept alive by the glowing feeling of gratitude he cherishes towards his succourer, whose good opinion he will fear to lose by a second act of folly.

In the catalogue of human follies, there is none for which the instructors of youth ought to impress a greater abhorrence on the minds of their pupils, than getting in debt. But if the mischief be already to a certain extent committed, the next object ought decidedly to be—how to remedy it. There are many young men, naturally of the best dispositions and moral habits, in a manner driven into the broad path by an ill-judged over-severity and illiberality being practised towards them. Let us not be supposed for a moment as trying to palliate the follies of youth; quite the reverse. But there never was a saying of more practical wisdom than that of the late Dr Gregory, that "it is impossible to place old heads on young shoulders;" and he who thinks, by means of sheer coercion and threats, to instil into sixteen the gravity and solidity of sixty, had needs beware that he does not either altogether extinguish the spirit he seeks, or to moderate or excite it into a fiercer blaze.

Your spender from *vanity*, again, is a less hopeful, and altogether less interesting character than the foregoing. His folly is more systematic, more selfish—for vanity and selfishness are always concomitant—and when once fairly into the stream, his besetting sin will deter him from making any effort to retrieve himself. He will suffer any private inconvenience, and resolutely shut his heart against the importunities of a *dun*, rather than abate one jot of the showiness of his exterior, or abridge any one of his habitual ostentatious indulgences. Thus do we daily see hundreds of "genteel young men," in the principal walks of our city, who, by their air, think themselves the very lords paramount of creation, and yet are shamefully and senselessly spending money they never gained, and never had the wit to gain—squandering upon momentary and dishonourable gratifications an endless succession of what they consider "small sums"—that is to say, sowing upon the winds, to be never again reaped, what, if husbanded with moderate economy, might in larger forms have added to their real dignity, and perhaps their prosperity in life. Thousands thus live without ever acquiring the reputation they perhaps aim at—that of being thought in high circumstances; while others, who spend *selvomer*, but to better purpose, get a good character for a fifth of the money. There is no branch of domestic life where we see men so far behind in general, as in

the art of spending. For our own part, we have an absolute horror at calls for little sums, and can disburse pounds with unconcern, when we would hesitate very much about sixpences. We know very well that large sums cannot be often spent without speaking for themselves; but this insidious system of twopences—it is like making a man persevere to death, without his ever knowing what is the matter with him. Truly might Poor Richard say, Take care of your pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

We have often thought, that, if the habitual small spenders had some mental ready reckoner, to show them, at a thought, and without putting them to the trouble of using "black and white" in the matter, the consequences of all these little spendings, and the amount they run up to in a twelvemonth, they would often replace the half-drawn-out coin in their pocket, and have the satisfaction of reflecting, after the moment of temptation is past, that they are so much the richer. For instance, if they had an Arithmetical Mentor, that would quietly hint to them, when about to throw away sixpences on some superfluity, that that sum per day is just L.9, 2s. 6d. a-year, if fourpence, L.6, 1s. 8d., or, say threepence-halfpenny, L.3, 6s. 5d., the loose copper and sixpences which appeared so trifling would assume an importance they little dreamt of before. It is for the purpose of supplying such a desideratum that we began this article. The mental calculation by which it is done is novel and curious, and the very ingenuity of it sufficient to entice the mind to its exercise.

It is thus:—

Set down the pence spent per day—say			
sixpence—as pounds per year	L.6	0	0
To that add a half	3	0	0
These sums added together, show what 6d.			
per day comes to in 360 days, viz.	9	0	0
To which, of course, falls to be added five			
sixpences for the five remaining days to			
complete the year—or	0	2	6
So that sixpence spent per day is just per			
year	L.9	2	6
Or let us suppose 1s. per day:—			
Twelve pence is	L.12	0	0
A half is	6	0	0
And the shillings for the five odd days is,			
of course, just	0	5	0
Amount per year	L.18	5	0

The principle of this convenient rule is perfectly simple and intelligible. It proceeds thus—that as there are just 240 pence in a pound, a penny per day for 240 days must just amount to that sum. If to it be added a half, or the pennies for 120 days, it brings out the amount for 360 days, or within five days of a year. The number of pence for these odd five days are, of course, easily added.

We hope this is a sufficiently simple explanation of the principle of our "Arithmetical Mentor," which, it will be seen, may be found useful in more ways, and by many other descriptions of persons besides those for whose benefit we specially intend it—such as calculating the amount of limited pensions, half-pay, labourers' wages, &c. for a twelvemonth; which, although very well known, perhaps, to the individuals giving and receiving, may not, at first sight, be equally apparent to others. The principle, indeed, may be extended to any length; but we have, in the above, stated enough for our present purpose. By putting the foregoing rule religiously in requisition, whenever a fit of spending assails him, many a young man may not only keep clear of debt, but, by abridging only a few habitual frivolous indulgences, have a surplus for laying out in a rational way when required—to say nothing of the wholesome exercise of his mental faculties in the process of calculation.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA, IN 1819, 1820, 1821.*

WHILE Parry was exploring a passage across the Polar Sea towards the Pacific Ocean, in order to determine the character of the extreme northern coasts of the continent of America, Captain Franklin was appointed to ascertain the actual position of the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and the trending of the shores of the Polar Sea to the eastward of it. The Copper-mine River flows into the sea at a part of the shore west from the undiscovered tract; and it was, therefore, for the purpose of completing the knowledge of the sea line eastward to Hudson's Bay, or some other inlet of the Atlantic, that this expedition was undertaken. Franklin was accompanied by Dr Richardson, a naval surgeon well skilled in natural history, Mr Hood, and Mr Back, two Admiralty midshipmen, and by two steady English seamen. This little party embarked on the 23d of May 1819; and, after engaging four boatmen at Stromness to assist their progress up the rivers of America, they arrived at York Factory, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, on the 30th of August. On the 6th of September, the party proceeded on their journey from York Factory, sailing up a river leading to Lake Winnipeg, and from thence, by another river tributary to that lake, to Cum-

berland House. This place is situated in a central part of the North American continent. The object was now to proceed directly northward, on a long and perilous expedition towards Fort Chepewyan, which is another well-known point in this dreary waste. The part of the world through which the travellers were now proceeding, is, both in superficial character and population, nearly a wilderness, being one wide-extended waste of snows, thinly inhabited by straggling Indians, who live by serving the purposes of the Fur Companies. Hardly any thing but the noble desire of gaining fame, by adding to the stock of human knowledge, could have sustained a party of Europeans, travelling in so dismal a country, where the thermometer is frequently at 40° and even 50° below zero, and locomotion is only to be accomplished with the utmost pain and difficulty.

With the view of reaching Fort Chepewyan, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back set out on the 18th of January 1820, leaving Dr Richardson and Mr Hood to bring up their baggage in the spring. The object of this perilous winter journey was to prevent delay at Chepewyan, in the preparations necessary for their ulterior proceedings. Travelling at this season, and in this dreary territory, can only be performed on sledges by dogs, or by walking in snow-shoes. The settlers attach to the former a covering of leather to protect the lower part of the body, and when "beautified" with a little paint and a few trifling ornaments, the sledge assumes the name of *cariole*. Every traveller takes care to supply himself with a pair of snow-shoes, a blanket, hatchet, steel, flint, and tinder, and generally with fire-arms. In mounting his cariole, he puts on a *capot*, or large skin cloak with a hood, a fur cap, leathern trousers and Indian stockings and moccasins. Three dogs will draw a weight, besides that of the sledge, of three hundred pounds, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour, or about fifteen miles a-day, when the snow is hard frozen. To the inexperienced, the suffering occasioned by walking in snow-shoes appears to be dreadful, and, as Captain Franklin says, "can be but faintly imagined by a person who thinks upon the inconvenience of marching with a weight of between two and three pounds constantly attached to galled feet and swelled ankles." This mode of travelling is feelingly described by Lieutenant Hood:—"The miseries endured during the first journey of this nature are so great, that nothing could induce the sufferer to undertake a second, while under the influence of present pain. He feels his frame crushed by unaccountable pressure, he drags a galling and stubborn weight at his feet, and his track is marked with blood. The dazzling scene around him affords no rest to his eye, no object to divert his attention from his own agonizing sensations. When he rises from sleep, half his body seems dead, till quickened into feeling by the irritation of his sores. But, fortunately for him, no evil makes an impression so evanescent as pain. It cannot be wholly banished, nor recalled with the force of reality, by any act of the mind, either to affect our determination, or to sympathize with another. The traveller soon forgets his sufferings, and at every future journey their recurrence is attended with diminished acuteness."

On halting for the night, the first operation, in the Canadian phrase, is that of "flooring the hut." It consists in clearing away the snow, and covering the ground with pine branches, upon which the travellers spread their blankets, skins, cloaks, and coats. The sleeping place being thus arranged, the next step is to send out parties to collect a sufficiency of wood to serve as fuel for the night; the fire is then allowed to be kindled, the sledges are unstowed, the dogs unharnessed, and the provisions hung upon the trees, out of the reach of these voracious animals. Supper is then cooked; the Canadian voyagers amuse themselves by singing and recounting their former adventures; they then coil round the fire in the centre with their feet towards it, the dogs creep in among them wherever they can find a vacancy, receiving and communicating heat, and thus the whole party "enjoy a sound and comfortable repose, without any other canopy than the heavens, even though the thermometer should be far below zero.

In journeys thus performed, the danger of the traveller is not so great from the severity of the cold as from the risk of perishing for want of food. The servants of the North-West Company are frequently obliged to set out in search of the hunting parties of Indians, to receive the furs which they may have collected. A snow-storm arises, they lose all traces of them, miss their way, and are very often driven to the last resource of killing their dogs for food. The Indians themselves are frequently reduced to the last extremity, and even to death, by famine.

Notwithstanding all dangers and distresses, Franklin and Back arrived safely at Fort Chepewyan on the 28th of March, and some weeks thereafter were joined by Richardson and Hood, who had experienced equal annoyances in the spring, from the flights of stinging insects which beset their path. The whole party, with their Indian hunters, set out on the 18th of July for the northward, in the hope that, before the season should expire, they might be enabled to fix their winter quarters at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and to avail themselves of the earliest period of the following spring to explore the coast of the Polar Sea to the eastward. But so great and so numerous were the difficulties experienced from the

* This article is reduced from the abstract of Captain Franklin's work in the Quarterly Review.

scarcity of provisions, and from the impediments in the navigation of the numerous rivers and lakes, on account of the rapids of the one and the shallows of the other, together with the frequent portages, that their progress was exceedingly slow and tedious; and they did not arrive at the spot where it was found necessary to hnt themselves for the winter, and which was distant from Chepewyan about 550 miles, before the 20th of August. With regard to the interruptions from the portages, or land-ferries, as they might be called, they became more frequent, and the dragging of the boats more fatiguing, in proportion as they advanced to the northward; and thus the sufferings of the people from want of sufficient sustenance were greatly aggravated. It not unfrequently happened that in one day they had to load and unload the canoes and to transport them and the baggage over five or six of these portages.

Captain Franklin, finding it now too late to proceed to the mouth of the Copper-mine River, was obliged to winter at this spot; and, in the meantime, Mr Back, with a small party, had to return all the way to Chepewyan for further provisions and necessities, which he did not return till the 17th March next year. It was not till the 14th of June that the Indians considered the ice to have sufficiently broken up in the Copper-mine River, to admit of its being navigated by canoes. By this time their stock of provisions was pretty nearly exhausted, and it became evident that their future subsistence must depend on the success of the hunters, as they proceeded down the river; these hunters, however, as the time of departure approached, began to manifest a decided reluctance to proceed.

At length, all difficulties being surmounted, the whole party proceeded to the Copper-mine River, which, like all those which they had hitherto navigated, was full of rocks, rapids, and shoals, and in many places bridged with large masses of ice. The grassy plains on either side, however, abounded with game, particularly with that singular little animal known by the name of the musk ox, of which they killed a great number, but all of them lean, and the flesh by no means palatable.

About the middle of the ensuing month, the party reached the bottom of the river, and had a view of the Polar Sea, which, however, alarmed some of them a good deal, as it was now necessary to trust themselves to it, while they explored their way eastwards. The idea of launching upon an icy sea in slender bark canoes—the roughness of the water—the uncertainty of procuring provisions—the exposure to cold, where no fuel could be expected—produced despondency in all except John Hepburn, a sailor, to whom the sea was as an old friend, from whom he had been long estranged. In truth, when it is stated, that, at the advanced period of the 21st of July, twenty people, of whom fifteen had never seen salt water, launched upon the rough and chilly Hyperborean Ocean, in two miserable birch-bark canoes, with no more provision of all kinds than fifteen days' consumption, and with a voyage before them of not less than twelve hundred geographical miles (Fort Churchill being the very nearest spot at which they could hope to meet with a civilized human being), our readers may in some degree appreciate that a little alarm is not to be wondered at. Captain Franklin had, it is true, some faint hope of meeting with tribes of Esquimaux along the coast, with whom he might, if necessary, pass the winter; but not a human creature was seen, though the vestiges of habitations were occasionally visible.

By this voyage, Franklin added the coast of the Polar Sea, from longitude 115 to 107 W., to the stock of geographical knowledge, and increased the probability of a connection between the ocean in this direction and the branches of it already explored in connection with Hudson's and Baffin's Bays. The winter again approaching, it was found necessary to strike across the country towards Fort Enterprise, the nearest station of the North-West Fur Company, to which they had previously dispatched Mr Wentzel, to lay in provisions.

On the 5th of September, three days after commencing the land part of this journey, the party was surprised by the unusual and unexpected appearance of winter, in a heavy fall of snow. From this moment till the 26th of the month, three tedious weeks, they had to struggle against cold and boisterous weather; to walk through snow sometimes two feet deep, over a country which scarcely produced a shrub for fuel above six inches high; and to guess their way across an unknown land, unassisted by celestial observations (the sun being constantly hid except on two occasions); and, to add to their misery, they had before them the appalling sight of musk oxen, deer, and every other animal, and even the water fowl (alarmed at the snow), hurrying to the southward with the utmost speed. In this journey of twenty-one days, all the fresh meat which they could procure amounted only to five days' consumption; the sole resource for the rest of the time being the *tripe de roche*, a species of lichen which grows on the rocks: even this weed, unpalatable as it was, could not always be found, so that one scanty meal a-day was sometimes all that could be afforded, and several days were passed without eating at all.

The labours of the party, in dragging their burdens and themselves through the snow, did not end with the day. Though they had no food to prepare, it was absolutely necessary to have some little fire to thaw their frozen shoes at night; and it was no easy task to find

and dig from under the snow a sufficient quantity of stunted bushes for this purpose. The fatigue and want of food had a very sensible effect on the strength and spirits of the Canadian voyageurs, both of which were painfully noticed to be sinking very rapidly; yet, encouraged by the officers, they endured, for a time, their miseries with as much patience as could be expected. At length, however, on finding the line of their route interrupted by frequent lakes, which required them to make circuitous journeys, and seeing no hope of speedily reaching their destined point, they began to despair of their safety, and, becoming alike indifferent to promises or threats, seemed to consider themselves as liberated from all control. To add to the misery which stared them in the face, one of the canoes was rendered useless by an accident, and soon after, through the inattention and insubordination of some of the party, the other was also dashed in pieces, though those who carried it knew, from the course of the Copper-mine River, that it would be essentially necessary to enable them to cross it.

On the 26th September, the whole party arrived on the banks of this river, and having killed five small deer, began to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in having procured as much fresh meat as, with due care, would serve them till their arrival at Fort Enterprise. The weather, too, had become mild, and the Canadians considered their misfortunes at an end; but, alas! they had not yet begun. In the midst of their joy they forgot, that, in their madness, they had deprived themselves of the only means of crossing the river which lay between them and the place of their destination. The shores of Point Lake were searched in vain for pines to make a raft. The next expedient was to collect fagots of dried willows, and with those to frame a sort of float; but this was found an unmanageable machine in a stream without the assistance of oars or poles. In short, eight whole days, mostly of fine weather (and the only fine weather they had) were consumed in devising means for crossing the Copper-mine River.

In this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face, Dr Richardson, actuated by the noble desire of making a last effort for the safety of the party, undertook the hazardous enterprise of swimming across the stream (about 130 yards) with a line attached to his body, at a time when the mercury in the thermometer stood, in the air, below the freezing point, and in the water at 38°. He succeeded in reaching very nearly the opposite bank, when, benumbed with cold, he lost the power of moving his limbs, and was observed by his anxious companions to disappear beneath the surface. It may easily be imagined what their feelings were at this moment. They eagerly dragged him back by the line, and drew him out of the water with little or no hope of restoring animation. By wrapping the body in blankets, however, rubbing it, and laying it before a fire, he was at length restored to life, but, as might be supposed, remained for some time in a very enfeebled state.

No other person of the party could be found to repeat the experiment; but a kind of basket was at length constructed, which, when covered over with a few fragments of canvass they had luckily preserved, it was hoped might enable them to pass the river; but it was capable only of holding one person. In this basket, Percy St Germain, one of the interpreters, first volunteered to paddle over, carrying with him a line, and happily he succeeded; it was then drawn back, and a second crossed, and so on till the whole party had crossed over without any serious accident, though their frail vessel was filled with water at every traverse, and generally sunk before it reached the shore.

It was now the 4th of October, and they were within forty miles of Fort Enterprise; but the weather had again resumed its severity, the ground was covered with snow, the last morsel of their food was expended, and the whole party miserably reduced, by their recent scanty fare, and their exertions in crossing the river. Under these circumstances, Captain Franklin deemed it expedient to push forward Mr Back with three of the voyageurs in search of the Indians, who, it was hoped, would be found in the neighbourhood of Fort Enterprise. The following day the remainder moved forwards, and procured a meal of the tripe de roche, which produced, however, such distressing complaints on some of the party, and reduced them to such a state of weakness, as to oblige them to leave every thing except their personal baggage; and even with this, two of the people dropped behind, about the middle of the second day's march, utterly unable to proceed. Dr Richardson, weak as he was from his late exertion, went back in search of these two unfortunate men. He found one of them, at the distance of a mile and a half, lying exhausted in the snow, talking incoherently, and evidently in a dying state; but of the other he could discover no trace. On returning with this information, a halt was made, a fire kindled with a few stunted willows, and every argument used to induce the ablest of the party to endeavour to bring forward the poor man who had fallen, and renew the search for the other; but they all declared their utter inability; and, revolting as it was felt to humanity, both were of necessity abandoned to their fate.

As there was every reason to fear that others of the party would speedily sink under the combined pressure of famine, fatigue, and inclement weather, and as those who were strongest had renewed their threats

of throwing down their loads, and pushing with their utmost speed for Fort Enterprise, though they knew not a foot of the way, Dr Richardson and Mr Hood generously proposed to halt at the first place that offered a supply of fire-wood, and, with the weak and worn-down of the party, to remain there till assistance should be sent to them from the fort. To this arrangement Captain Franklin reluctantly consented; but as he had every reason to hope that he could find a depot of provisions at Fort Enterprise, and a band of Indians in the neighbourhood, according to the arrangement made with Mr Wentzel, he saw no other means of safety. The English seaman, John Hepburn, whose willing and attentive conduct on all occasions appears to be above all praise, volunteered to remain behind.

"The tent," says Captain Franklin, "being securely pitched, a few willows were collected, and the ammunition and all other articles deposited, except each man's clothing, one tent, a sufficiency of ammunition for the journey, and the officers' journals. I had only one blanket, which was carried for me, and two pairs of shoes. The offer was now made for any of the men who felt themselves too weak to proceed to remain with the officers, but none of them accepted it. Michel alone felt some inclination to do so. After we had united in thanksgiving and prayers to Almighty God, I separated from my companions, deeply afflicted that a train of melancholy circumstances should have demanded of me the severe trial of parting from friends in such a condition, who had become endeared to me by their constant kindness, and co-operation, and a participation of numerous sufferings. This trial I could not have been induced to undergo, but for the reasons they had so strongly urged the day before, to which my own judgment assented, and for the sanguine hope I felt of either finding a supply of provisions at Fort Enterprise, or meeting the Indians in the immediate vicinity of that place, according to my arrangements with Mr Wentzel and Akaitcho. Previously to our starting, Peltier and Benoit repeated their promises to return to them with provisions, if any should be found at the house, or to guide the Indians to them, if any were met."

The parting took place on the 7th October, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise; the party who proceeded with Captain Franklin consisted of eight persons besides himself, of whom two, feeling themselves unable to proceed, left him on the following day to return to Dr Richardson; the next day a third fainting; and a fourth, unable to go on, was sent back; but one of them only arrived (and arrived to add to their misery—it was Michel, the Iroquois); the other three were no more heard of. With the remaining four, Captain Franklin reached the fort on the evening of the 11th, in a state of complete exhaustion, having tasted no food for five days, excepting a single meal of tripe de roche. This was not the worst; to their utter sorrow and dismay, and as a fatal blow to every hope by which they had been animated, they found the place desolate—no provisions, no Mr Back, no Mr Wentzel, nor any letter from him to point out where the Indians were! not a trace of any living animal, and the ground covered with a greater depth of snow than it had been in the month of December the preceding year.

Recovered from the first shock of so dreadful a disappointment, a note was observed in the hand-writing of Mr Back, stating that he had reached the house on the 9th, and that he had gone on in search of the Indians. Four days after this, a messenger from him brought the exhausted party the woeful intelligence that his search had been unsuccessful. Solicitous for the fate which must inevitably await Dr Richardson and his party, unable to stir himself, from debility, and the only hunter he had with him falling sick, Captain Franklin's situation may more easily be conceived than expressed; he rallied his spirits, however, and after collecting some old shoes, scraps of leather, and skins with the hair singed off, their only food after reaching the house, he set out, with two of the Canadians, in quest of the Indians, but soon found himself utterly unable to proceed, and returned to the house of misery and desolation the following day. Hopeless, however, as in every way he appeared to be, this gallant officer never once uttered a murmur, nor gave himself up to despair. He dispatched two of the strongest to endeavour to find out the Indians, and inform them of their dreadful situation, and kept the other three, who were reduced to the last extremity, with himself.

Eighteen days were passed in this miserable condition, with no other food than the bones and skins of the deer which had been consumed the preceding winter, boiled down into a kind of soup; when, on the 29th October, Dr Richardson and John Hepburn made their appearance, but without the rest of the party.

"We were all shocked," says Captain Franklin, "on beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extreme debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key."

A history of the conclusion of this painful journey will be given in another number.

RANALD OF THE HENS.

EARLY in the sixteenth century, Macdonald of Clanranald married the daughter of Fraser Lord Lovat, and from this connection some very unfortunate consequences to both these powerful families followed. Soon after his marriage, Clanranald died, and left but one lawful son, who was bred and educated at Castle Donis, the seat of Lovat, under the care of his maternal grandfather. The name of the young chieftain was Ranald, and, unhappily for himself, he was distinguished by the appellation *Gaulth*, or Lowland, because Lovat's country was considered as approaching towards the manners, customs, and appearance of the Lowlands, compared to his own native land of Moidart, one of the most barren and mountainous districts in the Highlands.

Ranald was an accomplished youth, and promised to be an ornament to his family and his country; his disposition was amiable, and his appearance was much in his favour. When yet but a stripling, he visited his estate; and his people being desirous to give him the best reception in their power, he found at every house great entertainments were provided, and much expense incurred by the slaughter of cattle and other acts of extravagance, which appeared to Ranald very superfluous. He was a stranger to the customs of the country, and it would seem that he had no friendly or judicious counsellor. In an evil hour, he remarked that he was extremely averse to this ruinous practice, which he was convinced the people could ill afford; and said that, for his own part, he would be perfectly satisfied to dine on a fowl. Ranald had an illegitimate brother (or as some now say, an uncle's son), who was born and bred on the estate. He was many years older than the young Clanranald, and was possessed of very superior abilities in his way. He was active, brave, and ambitious, to which were added much address and shrewdness. Having always resided in Moidart, where he associated with the people, and had rendered himself very popular, he had acquired the appellation of *Jan Muidartich*, or John of Moidart, a much more endearing distinction than *Gaulth*.

The remark Ranald had made, as to the extravagance of his people, gave great offence; and the preference he gave to a fowl was conceived to indicate a mean sordid disposition unbecoming the representative of so great a family. John Muidartich and his friends encouraged these ideas, and Ranald was soon known by the yet more contemptuous appellation of *Ranald of the Hens*. He soon left Moidart, and again returned to his grandfather's house. His brother (and now his opponent) remained in that country, and he used all the means in his power to strengthen his interest. He married the daughter of Macdonald of Ardmarchan, the head of a numerous and turbulent tribe, whose estate bordered on Moidart, and his intention to oppose Ranald became daily more evident. Several attempts were made by mutual friends to effect a compromise, but without any permanent effect. At length a conference between the brothers was appointed at Inverloch, where Ranald attended, accompanied by old Lovat and a considerable body of his clan; but especially a very large portion of the principal gentlemen of his name were present. John also appeared; and to prevent any suspicion of violence, the number of his attendants was but small, and his demeanour was pacific and unassuming.

Lovat made proposals on the part of his grandson, and with very little hesitation they were acceded to by John and his friends. All parties appeared to be highly pleased, and they separated—John with his small party directed their course homeward, whilst Ranald accompanied his aged relation to his own country, which was much more distant.

John of Moidart, however, was all along playing a deep game: he ordered a strong body of his father-in-law's people to lie in ambush in a certain spot near the path by which Lovat and his men must necessarily pass on their return home; and he took care to join them himself, by travelling all night across the mountains.

The Frasers and young Clanranald appeared, and they were attacked by their wily foe. The combat was fearfully bloody and fatal. It is said that no more than six of Lovat's party escaped, and not triple that number of their enemies. Ranald, unquestionably the lawful representative of the family, fell covered with wounds, after having given proof that he was possessed of the greatest bravery; and his memory is to this day respected even among the descendants of those who destroyed him. John of Moidart obtained possession of the whole estate, and led a very turbulent life. Tradition says that he compromised the claims of Macdonald of Morar for a third part of the lands, which he yielded up to him on relinquishing all further right.

The conflict is distinguished by the designation of *Blar Iaine*, or the Battle of the Shirts, the combatants having stripped themselves during the action. It was fought at the eastern end of Lochloch, near the line of the Caledonian Canal, in July 1554. This subject has recently become of considerable importance, being one of the principal points at issue between two chieftains of the Macdonalds. We do not pretend to interfere in any such questions; we merely relate the circumstances as they have been given to us by many persons in that country, some of them descendants of John of Moidart.*

* Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the London Literary Gazette.

LIFE ON THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

If I could be a summer monk, and change my vows, like my clothes, with the winter, I know no fraternity that offers stronger temptations than the Augustines of the Saint Bernard on the Alps. To escape the bustle of the world, yet be in the world; to have moving before our eyes an easy succession of society—a constant living phantasmagoria, often highly piquant, and always amusing; to indulge in literature, without the toils of authorship, the teasing of dilettanti, or the agonies of exulting criticism; to ramble over a sun-clad kingdom of mountains, with the kingship undisputed, among all the royal and heroic struggles for a grave ten thousand feet below; to "sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell;" to turn painter, poet, pilgrim, and dreamer, at one's own discretion, and without having the fear of living man before our eyes; and to do all this with the saving and singular consciousness, that we are doing some good in our vocation, that humanity is the better for us, and that our place would be missed among mankind. Utopia might grow pale to the beatitudes of the little republic under the protection of St. Augustin.

But summer is, unfortunately, a rare guest, and its visit one of the shortest possible duration. The sunshine that subdues the plain, with the fidelity of a wife, is, at the famous Hospice, capricious as a first love. I had entered its walls on a day made in the prodigality of the finest season of the year. The snowy scaps of the hills were interspersed with stripes of verdure, that had seen the light for the first time within memory; the bee, that, more than all creation beside, gives assurance of summer to my ear, was roaming and humming away among the thistle-down and mosses, that even the Alpine frost is not always able to kill. I could imagine, in the air that passed in slight gusts from time to time, the odours of the Italian flowers. I lingered long at the gate of the convent, enjoying the magnificent serenity of the sky, the air, and the hills, and felt no trivial reluctance at abandoning so alluring a contemplation for a corridor crowded with servants, and a chamber imbedded in a wall as thick as if it had to stand a siege. Even the indulgence of the convent table could not wean me from the conviction that I could have got through my travel pleasantly enough, though the Hospice had, like the Santa Casa, been transported to some new Loretto.

But I had not been two hours under its roof before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan, stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in instant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground-floor of the building, which is occupied with stables, and storehouses for wood, and the other supplies of the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window—summer was gone at once; and "the winter wild" was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow, in every shape that it could be flung into by the most furious wind, whirlpool-drift, and hail, flashed and swept along. Before evening, it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood fires; the bursts of wind shook the walls like cannon-shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St. Bernard.

As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the danger of travellers surprised in the storm. The fineness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change; and the sounds of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs, as the strangers arrived, kept me long awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed; cauldrons smoked; every stranger was pelleted and furred up to the chin; and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading-room, where they found books and papers which probably seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios or prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place; or amused themselves at the piano-forte in the drawing-room—for music is there above the flight of the lark; or pored over the shelves to plunge their souls in some "flattering tale" of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed, capped, and gartered into irresistible captivation. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half a dozen herbarists from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligations to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasanties, the memorials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best, there were eighty beds.—*Tales of the Great St. Bernard.*

JOSEPH BLACKET.

Among the numerous instances of genius triumphing over the disadvantages of birth and education, must be mentioned the name of Joseph Blacket, who was born in 1786, at Tunstall, a small village near Richmond in Yorkshire, at which place his father was a day labourer. At eleven years of age, young Blacket was sent up to London, and placed with his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker. Thus, by a singular coincidence, he was destined to resemble Bloomfield in his introduction to the metropolis, and, like him, to bequeath to the fraternity of shoemakers another name to the instances of poetical talent which are recorded of the "gentle craft." When about twelve years old, he was taken by a juvenile companion to see Kemble perform Richard the Third, at Drury Lane Theatre. Previously to this, he had neither read nor seen a play, but henceforth Shakespeare became his idol; "he robbed," to use his own words, "the pillow of its due, and, in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In short, he became irrecoverably a poet, and aspired to shine as a dramatic writer; "his eagerness on this occasion (mental depression, and personal privation)" says his editor and biographer, "was pushed to such extremity, that something of the dramatic kind pervades the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, on the backs of letters, shoe patterns, slips of paper hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St. Pancras, in which he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts; yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined." In 1810, a small volume, entitled, "Specimens of Mr. Blacket's Poetical Talents," was printed and circulated amongst persons likely to patronize its interesting author. Amongst those who interested themselves most warmly in his behalf were the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbank, the Rev. F. Wrangham, and Mr. Pratt, a name well known in literature. This gentleman zealously befriended him through life, and after his death published his "Remains" in two vols. 8vo., for the benefit of his orphan child. The list of respectable names attached to the work is honourable to all parties.

Mr. Blacket died at Seaham, of a decline, August 23, 1810, at the early age of twenty-four. His grave in the churchyard is marked by a plain monument, with the following inscription from one of his own poems:—

"Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
Let clay-cold honour rest in state;
And, from the decorated tomb,
Receive the tributes of the great.
Let me, when bade with life to part,
And in my narrow mansion sleep,
Receive a tribute from the heart,
Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep."

This memorial was erected principally under the direction of his friend and patroness, Miss Milbank, the lady who became the wife of Lord Byron.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

MOXON'S SONNETS.

We have felt considerable pleasure in glancing over a small volume of poetry, entitled, "Sonnets, by EDWARD MOXON," published, or perhaps rather printed for private distribution, in London. These sonnets have more of the correct soothing spirit of poetry in them than any thing we have met with for a long while. The following are a specimen:—

HUMAN LIFE.

Ah, what is life! a dream within a dream!
A pilgrim's path from peril rarely free!
A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; to a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient gleam,
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fate she flows,
My answer would be thus: Not wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:
These with their donor changing die or live.
Not e'en earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom,
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—
Need I the secret of my soul impart?
He witness ye that love, 'tis woman's heart.

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